

river valleys; indeed it is only by exploring the
clades that you get the full beauty of Yorkshire, & on
the same way across the sites of historic & archaeological
interest, & the seats of the great modern industries.
We have not space to pass in review the ^{valleys} of Yorkshire
valley by valley, but may note in detail the lovely
clades of the best riding.

The Gate of the West Reading.

Windsor, the valley of the Avon, falls within
the ^{range} of the Reding, but in that loop of the miles which
forms the boundary between the North & West-Redings
we have two of the centres of interest. - Princes
Fountains Abbey, Boroughbridge, & Albion - as
where the confluence of the Great Ouse. Princes, which
has lately made boast of its antiquity in the
by a millenary celebration is a sober city, whose
claim ^{to be} great rather in its past than in any
active interests in the present. The open square
of the Market Place has ~~the look of~~ pleasant old-world
air, & going down Kirkstall, you come in full
view of the beautiful West Front with its two towers.
Unfortunately, the cathedral is so hemmed in by
narrow streets, that you cannot get a good
view of it from any point in the city, but
^{as seen} from the hill beyond, it is a very noble object.
The fact that, while the transepts are shorter, the nave
is wider than that of most English cathedrals
combined with the sombre hue of the stone & the
sparsity of ornament, give an air of height
& severity of outline, such as is found more
commonly in Gothic than in English Cathedral
churches. This cathedral was not built in a day.

perhaps, with little foundation, not is there any proof
that his mother, Helena, was a British princess. Constantine
remodelled the government of Britain, making
the country subject to the prefect - of the Gauls, whose
Deputy, with the title of Vicar of Britain, resided at
York. giving the city - at any rate, the dignity of
a ~~semi~~-regal court. We have little further notice
of York during the Roman period, but it is easy to
fill in the outlines with what we know of the dignity
& ceremonial, the luxury & refinement that belonged
to a great Roman city. The Roman remains preserved
in the hospitation of St. Mary's Abbey are very suggestive
of the high state of civilization. Unadorned pavements
fine mosaic were bronze figures, Roman glass
personal ornaments, tools & domestic utensils, of
more touching, if less suggestive, a Roman edifice here.

York did not lose its prestige under the
Saxons: it was the capital of Northumbria, & for three
hundred years the seventh century. Northumbria was
the most powerful kingdom in Britain, that of
its kings becoming Bretwalda. To this period
belongs the history of the conversion of the north by
Bishop Paulinus, the hasty erection of wooden
church for the baptism of King Edwin, then replaced
by a stone edifice which the king did not live to
finish, the epitaph of St. Wilfrid is not to be forgotten in the church of St.
Peter, 2000 York, as elsewhere, there is little
monumental evidence of the Saxon supremacy, but
throughout - the eighth century York was a place
of literary celebrity, having a school - in which the
learned Alcuin was brought up. renowned throughout
Europe as a place of education; some of the most famous
libraries in Europe. Razed by Gallow the perpetual
incursions of the Danes, towards the end of the
tenth century, we find York a sort of Danish metropolis
a city of 30,000 inhabitants with an aristocracy of Danes
& merchants. With the death of the Emperor, before me

Mass & assemble their forces at Maby. Thence to
 Durham, then Richard Norton, with sixty followers, marched
 into the Cathedral, carrying the old banner of the
 Pilgrimage of Grace, the cross & streamers of the great
 wounds. Here they did away with all evidences of
 the reformed faith, & caused mass to be sung as of
 old. Then followed a progress to Darlington,
 to Ripon, to Knaresborough, to Eadeaster. The
 rebels proposed to march to Luttering, release
 Queen Mary, & then to march on London. But
 their plans miscarried. Mary was removed,
 & news of the advance of the Queen's army from
 the south caused the insurgents to disperse
 with little resistance. The punishment was
 pitiless as that which followed the former
 insurrection. Northumberland was taken
 & beheaded in the Parliament at York; four Mass
 of the leaders suffered death; & of the common
 people, from 200 to 700 were seized in a
 given night & without form in the
 various towns through which the insurgents had
 passed. But Norton & his eight-foot sons
 did not suffer. They lost their property—
 the family was ruined, but only one of
 the sons suffered death. Richard Norton
 & his sons Francis & Sampson, escaped to
 Flanders. Little more is known of them
 of the rest. The third son, Edmund, became the
 ancestor of a noble family. Though not
 pledged to strict historical accuracy, the 'White
 Doe of Wharfedale' is a precious illustration
 of Yorkshire in the ^{the} early and ^{the} past, & of the
 scenes, because the story is that far important
 event in Yorkshire history, & because Yorkshire

may well be proud when given occasion to such
delicious melody as this, for instance -

"And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God,
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene & slow,
Soft & silent as a dream,
A solitary Dove!"

Bolton Abbey was, - not a monastery in the ordinary
sense but, - a collegiate church served by residential
clergy - the Augustin Canons, or more properly, the
Canons Regular of St. Augustine, who filled
some 170 similar ecclesiastical foundations
in the country before the Dissolublers. The Augustin
Canon was commonly man of birth & fortune.
The Chapter of Bolton Abbey numbered some
fifteen to eighteen canons, with a Prior, a
Sub-Prior, & some 200 dependents, who all
lived right royally on an income not less
than £10,000 a year of our money.

The history of the house is unrecorded. In the
year 1190, William de Meschines & Cecilia
his wife ^{in their own} founded at ² Embay a priory
for Canons Regular which continued there
for about 33 years when it was translated to
Bolton. How this exchange came about,
we learn from the romantic legend of the
'Boy of Gramont'. The decesses of Bolton
were held by the Lady Alice de Normille, &
William Fitz-Duncan, her husband - the same
Scottish baron who had ravaged Traver in 1158
& afterwards wedded the heiress of William
de Meschines, who continued to be
known by her mother's name, Normille. They had

before you have arrived, without a tree, or the
hardly a hint of vegetation to break the monotony.
Indeed, though Wharfedale is the highest of the
western group (2,411 ft.), it yields to the other
two points in point of picturesque scenery.

Two or four miles south-east of Easingwold is Clapham,
a charming village at the foot of Easingwold, & a fine
point from which to ascend the mountain. It is
not the best point from which to see it. Easingwold
rises before you a compact ancient mass, as you
go from the station to the village. Its outline is
very clearly marked, a cone with a flat top of
millstone grit resting upon a broad table of
limestone rocks. It looks higher than Wharfedale
though the latter has some fifty feet more elevation.
(Easingwold 2,361 ft.). There is a small camp
on the summit, possibly British, and even
the low wall foundations of a circular tower. The
shaped ancient beds. The limestone
platform on which Easingwold rests is everywhere
penetrated by caverns, sometimes superficial
openings, as the various "Pots" & "Holes" north of
Grate Dale (between Wharfedale & Easingwold), & sometimes
penetrating into the very heart of the mountain.
Of these the most interesting is Clapham or Easingwold
Cave which extends nearly half a mile
into the heart of Easingwold. The "Old Cave" is
eighty feet, & has always been known to exist
but half a century ago. A "New Cave" of
extraordinary beauty was brought to light. The
limestone strata are white & glistening
because water is still running over, & increasing
the deposits: a narrow passage leads
to the little hall, the limestone & strata.

under a few hanging bellows. Then follows a
long passage to Celler's gallery, which leads to
the "Giant's" hall, magnificence and somewhat ^{high} ~~high~~
proportions. In the "Giant's" hall are two small
holes through which the wind goes rushing when it
is heard. The water which has probably formed
entrance by a deep "pot" on the hill side called
Gaping Ghyft.

Northern - Pukledal, on the other side (to the eastward),
of Hylleborgh, is perhaps the best station from
which to get the mountainous aspect of this
principal group of fells. Norther is a quaint
tiny village in the heart of a high moorland valley
hemmed in on all sides by mountains.
Turning up a narrow, green lane which leads
from one of these "gaping holes" which form a
feature of the scenery of this limestone country,
you find yourself, apparently, at the foot of Hylleborgh.
Though the mountain is still only six miles
high, ragged clouds hang about the summit - which
rises before you, steep, & steep, leading the
valley down by two or three huge rivers. The sides
are steep & green, except where they are
scarred into straight water(?) courses, or red dirt
beds. From this point, you cannot get the various
picturesque appearances common to these
limestone hills. Patches of heather gladden the
side. At some time, there is some relief. What way
represents chiefly light. Now, the head of Hylleborgh
is purple, now wrapped in grey mist, altogether,
it is picture of a mountainous in aspect,
more so than most of the fells.
To your left is the magnificent sweeping
curve of the mountain, a story like a seal's head,
in outline - well enough with distinct ridges,
for once by a green in limestone moor.
Round - in the distance, very, discernible by the

scared pretty frequently for the sake of the limestone
it yields, but even here, soft slopes, richly wooded
lead to the water edge. Higher, you come upon jagged
limestone cliffs, not limestone, plainly, & determine
you are on a conglomerate of blue slate - a famous
quarry. Here is a very beautiful view of the river,
the fantastic rocks stand together, & the water
seems to come from the heart of a forest. One
of the many narrow bridges, bridges the river,
higher up the valley. You come upon falls, a succession
of the cascades, none of them of great height,
higher still in a broader reach of the valley, is
Chapel Falls, where the Jones lived "Jones &
Smith" for generations, as may be read in Index
Book. From this secluded village Matthews
Cave may be easily reached - a romantic
ravine with a waterfall 50 feet high in height
within the cave. The Walden valley, Kingston
is hardly less interesting. Here is Shannon Co.
- Gordon Cave, with a handsome chamber in
the limestone, & a less so chamber - the sleeping
room with one of the finest Indians. Many
caves & Pots (circular pits in the
limestone, sometimes, as in the case of
Grigg Pot 50 feet deep) are to be seen
in this district - due to the caves we have
already indicated.

Beautiful as the scenery of this district is, its
beauty is to be seen in detail; but the
prospects are not pure, & the mountain
masses are not beautiful; it is a mistake
to draw a line to the mountain masses
of the backbone for mountain aspects.
Near from enclose, the mountain masses appear